

FINAL
RESULTS EDITION

The



World.

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MRS. WILLIAM THAW TEARFULLY ADDS HER TESTIMONY TO SAVE SON'S LIFE; LUNACY COMMISSION IS BARRED

READING EXCITES WALL ST. BY RISE IN PANICKY MARKET

**Spectacular Leap of Eleven Points
Stirs the Excited Brokers During
the Bear Raid—Reading Sales
Reputed to Frick Group.**

In the last hour of trading to-day in the panicky Stock Exchange there was enormous trading in Reading, and at the close it had made a clear gain over the opening of a fraction over 10 points. Huge blocks of the stock were snapped up, and it was apparent that they were going to one or two of the leading Wall street houses that have at times been identified with heavy commissions from the Harriman interests.

The sales of Reading alone amounted to 732,500 shares out of a total of 2,359,200 shares of stock.

In the wake of Reading many of the other stocks that have been particularly weak for the last three days showed renewed strength. Some of the Harriman group jumped into the bandwagon with alacrity and manifested a tendency to recover some of the enormous depreciation of the last week. Union Pacific closed two points to the good and Southern Pacific had three points to its credit at the finish.

According to a message received here from Harriman, who is in Washington, he has not obtained control of the Reading and Jersey Central, as was reported in Wall street. He said there was no ground for any such report.

At the close of the exciting day's trading both of the Hill roads, Great Northern and Northern Pacific, had scored substantial gains. The first closed with a gain over the opening price of five points.

The volume of trading was enormous and the impression in Wall Street was general that large interests were in the buying. Hurried telegrams were sent to Reading headquarters in Philadelphia asking about the rumors that Harriman had bought control in the road. According to messages received in reply the company's officials had heard nothing of it, and it was said that the transfer books did not indicate any such change in ownership.

One Failure Reported.
The slump produced one small failure to-day when the Consolidated Exchange firm of Henschel & Block went to the wall. The announcement of the firm's failure was made on the floor of the Consolidated Exchange shortly after the market's opening. Henschel & Block occupy a suite of offices on the fifth floor of the Broad Exchange Building. No schedule has as yet been prepared of the firm's liabilities, although the announcement has been made that it will probably be able to straighten out its affairs and resume business. The firm was caught long in the sliding market and the failure of their customers to make good their margins forced them to the wall.

In Wall street there appears to be a well-defined impression that at the bottom of most of the recent declines would be found E. H. Harriman and his associates. If one were to dig deep enough in the trading, for almost a week Mr. Harriman has been in Washington fighting with President Roosevelt, the Interstate Commerce Commission and members of Congress. Meanwhile there has been vast liquidation of certain railroad stocks, notably those of the Hill railroads, and Harriman is getting credit for most of it.

Great Northern Shrinkage.
According to conservative estimates, Great Northern stocks have depreciated in value in the last four months about \$20,000,000, while Northern Pacific has run a good second with a shrinkage amounting to nearly \$10,000,000. It is a fact well known in Wall street that Hill has been making a desperate fight to stem the tide of these stocks. He has called on all of the oldest relatives to come to the rescue, but despite their united efforts the appalling decline has continued.

The street is well aware of the fact that for the last half year or more Harriman has been unloading his holdings in the Hill stocks in big blocks. These blocks were acquired by Harriman and his crowd in about 1905. When the "Wizard of Wall Street" was getting ready to trim his one-time arch-enemy, Hill, for stealing a march on him and getting control of the Burlington.

(Quotations on Page 4.)

**Mrs. Thaw Tells How Son's Condition
of Mind Underwent a Great
Change After the Trip to Eu-
rope with Evelyn Nesbit.**

**GRAPHIC PICTURE OF HIS
BREAKDOWN IN CHURCH.**

**Jerome Attempts to Stop the Trial With a
Suggestion for a Commission in Lunacy,
but Justice Fitzgerald Rules
Against Him.**

Mrs. William Copley Thaw went on the witness stand this afternoon at the trial of her son for the murder of Stanford White and in a few brief moments there was more intensely dramatic interest injected into the case than there has been since Evelyn Nesbit Thaw first told her amazing story.

Not long after she went under the fire of examination by Mr. Delmas District Attorney Jerome attempted to stop the further progress of the trial by suggesting a commission in insanity. Justice Fitzgerald ruled that a commission was impossible, as it had not been established that the prisoner is now insane.

Mrs. Thaw's story was a simple but pathetic narrative of how her son began to show traces of an unsound mind after his return from Europe; how he brooded over the wrong done to Evelyn Nesbit by the "wickedest man in New York," how he broke down repeatedly and wept as he dwelt on this wrong; how he pleaded for her consent to marry the girl; how she finally consented and how the young couple lived happily and content.

The story drew tears to her eyes soon after she took the stand, and there was a painful and a strained pause. Then she resumed, but her ordeal did not last long on direct examination or on the cross by Mr. Jerome. Her story made a more impressive mark in the minds of those in court than did that of Evelyn Nesbit Thaw.

MRS. THAW TAKES THE STAND.

As soon as the roll had been called for the afternoon session Clerk Penny called out professionally: "Mrs. William Thaw to the witness stand."

A little flutter ran through the half-filled court-room. Bearded McPike, the partner of Lawyer Delmas, opened the side door just behind the jury-box and held it ajar. There entered a tall woman, made still taller by a widow's crown of black. She was all in black—black furs about her throat, plain black gown, black kid gloves on the rather large hands—the blackness relieved only by the threadlike ruff of white ruching at the throat and the white hair. Her first answer to Delmas's courtly question came in a low, vibrant voice with no quavering in it.

She leaned back comfortably in the wide-armed chair. Mr. Delmas, after getting on the record that the witness was the mother of the defendant, asked where Mrs. Thaw was living in the fall and winter of 1903. She said in Pittsburg.

"At what time in the fall of 1903 did your son, Harry K. Thaw, come to your house?" asked Mr. Delmas.

"Some time in November. About the time my son Edward was married. That was on Nov. 18."

"Did you notice any change in his manner?"

HIS MANNER HAD CHANGED.

"Yes. His manner was utterly different from what it had been before he went away. He had a staring look and he seemed to have lost interest in everything."

Mrs. Thaw said that her son acted as if he was laboring over some problem. "He was very fond of music," she said, "and soon after he came home he went into the drawing-room. He began playing in a very violent manner."

The prisoner's mother said that Harry's room was next to hers. "ON ONE NIGHT," SHE SAID, "I HEARD SMOTHERED SOUNDS. I WENT TO THE DOOR AND HEARD THAT HE WAS SINGING." Almost immediately—within a minute or two—her voice had broken and smothered so that it became almost inaudible. She halted for a moment while the court-room waited. She didn't look as if she belonged on a witness chair in a murder trial in a big painted court-house like this one of ours. The widow's gown, crinkling with the stiffness of the black stuff, the gray hair drawn away in the old-lady puffs from the broad forehead, the kindly blue-gray eyes behind the gold-rimmed glasses, the group of buckers at the corners of the rather broad, strong mouth, put there by the little bustling threads of age and worry—none of these, nor all of them together, went well with the picture.

LOOKS OUT OF PLACE IN COURT.

One could not imagine Mrs. William Copley Thaw sitting in authority over a woman's club in a garish hotel parlor. One could imagine her pre-

**Mrs. William Thaw on Stand
In Defense of Accused Son**



siding, with sweet and gracious precision, over the sessions of a church society or a charity meeting in her own old-fashioned drawing-room—a room with steel engravings on the wall and mahogany furniture about her. She strikes you as that kind of a woman. She radiates simple dignity. She looks like one who is used to ruling, but not to ruling sternly. There is about her a natural stateliness that goes well with her figure and her face.

All of a sudden Harry Thaw had gone pale—pale in fact only, for this young millionaire can never altogether lose the tallowy yellowness that is the color-key to his physical make-up.

At the calling of his mother's name in the unemotional tones of the practiced court crier, his face had instantly become dappled over with a curious mottling of bluish-white patches, like poor milk that has been closely skimmed, alternating on his cheeks with patches of the customary yellowness.

THAW BECOMES OVERWROUGHT.

The goggling eyes widened until the brown pupils swam isolated in the bulged white. The pulpy lips twitched nervously away from the horse teeth; the long, spiny fingers began picking at the smooth surface of the table like a sick man's fingers picking at the coverlet. For the second time since this trial started Harry Thaw was being dragged in the pit.

The jurors became plainly nervous. They swung about in their chairs with one accord, so that all twelve of them faced her directly.

The witness said that she noticed the light burning late in her son's room on the occasion of the visit with which her testimony had been opened.

"He told me he could not sleep," said the old lady in husky, feeble tones, weeping softly. "And I asked him what was the matter. He said that there was something on his mind that kept sleep away."

COULD NOT TELL HER THE STORY.

"You can tell your mother, can't you?" I asked. "No," he said. "It is a story I can tell no one." He said he couldn't think he could ever tell me the story.

"You have stated, madam," said Mr. Delmas, "that you had observed that your son often was awake until 2 o'clock. Did he ever tell you what it was that kept him awake?"

"He did not tell me all, only a little. He said that he was troubled by the thought of a wicked thing the wickedest man in New York had done. He said that this man had ruined his life. He said that he would never get over

**How She Consented to the Marriage
with Evelyn Nesbit and the Con-
ditions that She Implied Be-
fore Giving Permission.**

**THE GIRL'S PAST WAS TO
BE AS A SEALED BOOK.**

**Her Mother Was Never to Enter the Thaw
Home in Pittsburg—The Young Couple
Led a Happy Life After Their
Marriage.**

it, that he could not keep it out of his mind, and that it would not let him sleep."

"Did you get any further information at that time?"
"No, but later he told me more. On Thanksgiving Day of that year I learned very much more. I had not then learned the girl's name—I knew there must be a girl in it—nor did I want to know. But at Thanksgiving time I heard more from him."

AT LAST HE TOLD HER.

"I went to him one night and asked him what it was that had happened. Why should your life be ruined?" I said to him. Then he said to me that a certain man had ruined the girl whom he loved and that his life was spoiled. This, I recall, was just before Thanksgiving."

Here she halted again. She faltered to Delmas a pitiable little apology, half smiling as she did so. Then her black-edged handkerchief came up to her trembling lips. She wiped the lips repeatedly, mechanically, as if trying to wipe away the quiver that persisted. For nearly a minute there was no sound in the chamber, except the shuffling of uneasy feet.

JEROME HELPS TO CALM HER.

Jerome, all courtesy and consideration, was actually assisting Delmas in the efforts of the Californian to soothe the agitated old mother. He nodded an affirmative when Delmas, evidently in order to give Mrs. Thaw time to calm herself, suggested that the testimony she had already given be read to the jurors by the stenographer.

"If you please," said Foreman Smith in a voice almost inaudible, "we—some of us—have difficulty in hearing the witness."

So the stenographer rattled through the narrative, while Mrs. Thaw fought before all those alien, perhaps hostile, eyes to get a grip upon herself so that she might carry her task to a composed and orderly conclusion.

Thaw's lawyers bent forward scarcely breathing. They realized that these faltering words falling from the unsteady lips of this old woman with the lined, worn face would do more for their client than all the fine speeches of all his lawyers, all the high-sounding lore of all his medical experts.

HIS ECCENTRICITIES DEVELOP.

Mrs. Thaw said that whenever there was any company at dinner during the fall and winter of 1903 her son would leave the table and go out to the drawing room to play the piano. He would begin playing violently and then the music would get softer and softer. Whenever she went into the defendant's room late at night, she would find him fully dressed.

"You said, Mrs. Thaw, that he said it was something a wicked man had done in New York that distressed him," suggested Delmas.

"Yes, he said a wicked man, probably the worst man in New York, was to blame. He said this man had wronged a young girl. He did not tell me the young girl's name at that time. I did not ask him who the young girl was. I did not want to know, as I have just told you. I did not care to know—nor then."

"He told me that he thought this young girl had the most beautiful mind of any young girl he had ever known. He said he would make it his business to see that this girl was not dragged down."

Mrs. Thaw then told of an incident in her church at Pittsburg on Thanksgiving Day, 1903.

"It was the most beautiful Thanksgiving I have ever known," said Mrs. Thaw. "The church was beautiful. It was our new church and a very handsome edifice. Harry and I went together. We were the only members of the family who went. There was such a crowd in the church that we could not get seats, so we went back and stood under the gallery."

THAW BROKE DOWN IN CHURCH.

"Toward the close of the service as the choir was singing a beautiful recessional hymn, I heard him sobbing and put my hand on him and gave him a little shake. As we were driving home I said: 'Why did you become overcome?' He said: 'Mother, this whole dreadful thing has just come to me and I couldn't help breaking down. I was thinking that she might have been here with us if it had not been for that crime.' That was all I think that was said then, but I noticed afterward that Harry's wakefulness and depression continued."

Was Dr. Binghamton, the family physician, in attendance upon your son at that time—the late fall and early winter of 1903?"

"Yes, Dr. Binghamton treated him, or rather called upon him several times and prescribed."

"Now," said Mr. Delmas, "when, subsequent to this, did your son refer again to the condition of this young girl and her misfortune?"

"He did so frequently that it would be impossible for me to name the different occasions."

"And did this continue?"

GOT WORSE AS TIME WORE ON.

"Yes, and as time went on he seemed to get worse and refer to the girl more often."

"When did you learn who this young girl was?"

"In the spring of 1904, I think."

"Do you recall the conversation you had with your son in which he made mention of this girl by name or in such manner that you learned who it was?"

"I cannot."

"Did Dr. Binghamton show any uneasiness regarding your son's condition?"

"Yes. He called often that winter, examined Harry and took notes. The doctor seemed worried."

Mrs. Thaw had grown calmer by now, and that wonderfully constituted individual—the prisoner at the bar—had got himself under rein also. He sat erect now, rubbing his fleshy chin with his fingers and twiddling a tooth-